CHASED FLYING DYNAMITE.

A LOCOMOTIVE'S THRILLING DOWN A MOUNTAIN.

Two Runaway Cars Were Ahead and Were Threatening Destruction to an Excursion Train - An Engineer's Careless-ness That Myde a Hero of Him, SALT LAGE. Jan. Q.-John S. Hinton made his jast trip as an su gineer last week, after more than forty years' service on a half dozen raffwars of the East and West. The last trip was made at the throttle of a locomotive pulling the through fly er between New York, Chicago, Denver, Salt Lake and San Francisco, and when the ens ine was run into the roundhouse Histon comr leted one of the most remarkable records ever made by an engineer in the United

without lyaving been in a railway wreck that What was my most thrilling experience during the forty-three years I have been on the road?" receated Hinton as the question was a sted him. "Well, that is not a hard question we answer, as the experience resulted to giving me possession of the snug little ranch gear Greeley where I intend to spend the rest of my days."

States - fort y-three years in a locomotive cab

As told the story, but suppressed the name of the railroad, saying that the company had s st all by him many years and he did not wish to give it a black eye. Is the '70's," said Hinton, "I was running

an engine on the old Southern Minnesota road, now a part of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul system. The line had been built from La Crosse, Wis., west 170 miles through the southern tier of countles in Minnesota by the late Col. C. W. Thompson us a land-grant road. After Col. Thompson had received several hundead thousand agrees of the finest lands in the West for the construcction of the line, the company passed into the receivership stage, the receiver being W. C. McIlrath of St. Paul. Mc-Brath undertook to meet the requirements of the court in the payment of claims, and in exercising the necessary economy failed to pay the wages of employees for four or five months The result was an agreement to strike, and one morning not an engine was run out of a roundhouse the entire length of the line. I was at Ramsey Junction when a message came signed by the receiver, asking where my engine was. I was pert in those days, and sent what I thought was a funny answer: 'In the roundhouse waiting for back pay.' Mellrath did not appreciate the humor of the answer. and the next day when he had scraped together money enough to pay off the boys my envelope contained the amount due me to date. and another man went out on my run. But that is another story, and this is only intended to how show I happened to come West and get tangled up with running on these Western When I came West I got a job of firing on

the H. L. and K. road, and if you know anything about mountain roads you know that it is the roughest road in the country-not ten rods of straight track in the whole 900 raties of right of way, and not a foot that has not a grade and a stiff one at that. Well, I gept an old-fashioned camelback warm on that road for three years, and then got a freight run. I held this down until transferred to a pusher on Big Hill. Big Hill is on stwelve miles long, but it has a grade aver ging 140 feet to the mile, and the principal part of the grade is in spots. Six loaded cors made a train up this hill, and this train of six cars was hauled and pushed up the gade by two engines. My engine was stat stand permanently on the hill and its duty w as to couple to the back end of one of these trains and help it up the grade.
About three ro and trips made a day's work, so you see it vas a good deal of a snap.
At the top of the hill was a sidetrack called Acten, but so telegraph operator was stational there. At the foot of the grade was Buckley, a telegraph office in the centre of a big side areak system used for breaking up trains before sending them up the grade in section. Eight miles below Buckley was an aband and maining town named Campton. Here was a set of side tracks and switches and a direct management of the company, a flagman, and his lityear-old daughter. Twelve in the formast summer resorts in the mountains, and even twenty years sare much frequented by Eastern health seekers. I explain all this so that you will readlir of one of these tr Ans and help it up the grade. I explain all this so that you will readily

erstand what happened.
Inad been shoving trains up Big Hill two
se without a mishap when I had an experithat turned my hair white in ten minand gave me a life job and the best run
the road. And it came about through a
declines of orders, too. "The management of the road was always afford of an accident on the hill through a train becoming unmanageable, and in my cab directly over the steam gauge, hung this warning in big black type;

Engineers of Pushers Are Warned That Under No Conditions Must an Engine Be Incompled from a Train That Is Not in Motion. Disregard of this order means INSTANT DISCHARGE.

"While knowing that an order of this kind is for something and that its disobedience may be an disaster, a callroad man will in time came to look upon it as something to be chared if convenient and to be slighted if he consent if footnemized and to be slighted if he been like it. And so it came that when we kere in a hurry we cuit off the engine from the train, even it it had been brought to a stop in the harrisolar day in June of which I am speaking we were in a hurry. We had run No. 17 to the hill and were ordered only the die track at Acton to get out of the way of No. 11, the through train from the South that was coming North as a double header at all what earlied by the way making this trip, as an excursion train and was making this trip, as an excursion train and was making the first the caches crowded with people from the E. & who had been at Mountain Springs after fig some big convention.

As, the freight we were shoving came to a stan skill my freman leaped to the ground and theoughed the engine from the last car and I backed down over the switch and then an ahead on the side track. While this was also maked and the side track. While this was a passed to be a brakeman had out the train in frait of the last two cars and the regular engage of the side the sound the other far toward the north switch to back the four ways in on the spil.

is in on the spur.
As I shut off steam and centred the re-

As I shut off steam and centred the reverse lever my eyes fell on the order hauging eyes the steam gauge and for some reason the warning gave me a shock, a feeling of danger that I had never experienced in the many times the order had been ignored. Even then I was too alarmed when I saw that the two cars were moving slowly down the hill, and I watched them only long enough to see the rear brakeman camber up the side indeer and seizs the brake wheel. Then I tried the water fu the boiler, started the injector, and again glanced at the cars. Evidently the hrike on the first ear was out of order, as the cars eyere moving more rapidly and the brakeman was hastening toward the brake on the see ud car. He grasped it and swung around and nearly fell to the ground. The brake chain was hostening to the grasped it and swung around and nearly fell to the ground. The brake chain was hastening to the grasped it and swung around and nearly fell to the ground. The brake chain was hastening to he grasped it and swung around and insariv fell to the ground. The brake chain was hasten the pictors of an awful hor-

A broken, and there was nothing to hold a broken, and there was nothing to hold in an instant the picture of an awful horf flashed before my eyes. No. 11, crowded the rassengers, was coming, and those cars. Boths at territle speed, would crash into the alm, carrying death and destruction to scores not hundreds. The scene at the moment or realization of the impending disaster came er his is before me now as plainly as on that it hearly twenty-dive years ago—the moving rs. he traisman stumbling toward the side of the lessens, the long line of shining rails asing down the civide, the fireman standing early descend, the long line of shining rails asing down the civide, the fireman standing early switch staff and gazing toward the cars the real hat reflected the horror in my own, distinct miles below, on the line of the civile, winding track a faint blur of snoke at this me No. 11 had left Moontain Springs.

Lefore the moving cars crossed the switch early the my miles below. The fire-an, James Hurd, he is alpassinger-extineer the lenter and Ric Grande Road now, had now he switch and swung himself onto the others had set to dispass of the runaways. The brake-an remained to close the switch and Hurd has hading himself to comple the engine to sawill moving cars. imself to couple the engine to

seth them.

No steam is ever used in going down that is at the top of the incline the throttle valve closed and the speal of the train is condict by the airbrake. But as Jim Hurd as his stand on the footboard I opened the I by he airbrake. But as Jim Hurd his shall on the footboard I opened the lie wide to give her a start and then put e air until I had her under control, and away we went. The runsway cars were loo yards sheed as we crossed the switch were moving apparently at the rate of if ten miles an hour with rapidly infing momentum. In sixty seconds old was running fifty miles an hour, and in assemble and hours we were close to the cars. It does not sheet a start of the same and his seconds more we were close to the cars. It does not sheet a same and know had been as he should something, and know had been as to show down in order to ap-

As the engine slowed under the pressure of the brake I saw the cars glide away from us. He had missed the coupling. Again engine and cars came together and again I applied the air, with the same result.

We were running now at a speed of sixty or seventy miles an hour, and when you consider that the track on the hill is the crockedest ever surveyed by an engineer, cut up by deep ravines and cañons and leading along high precipices, you ca a appreciate the danger of the run. Down the hill we thundered, ewinging through deep cuts and around sharp curves, the engine swaving and swinging on her springs as if struggling in an effort to dash herself into one of the scores lining the track. The engine was surrounded by rolling clouds of dust through which at times I caught glimpses of the cars, pitching and tossing like some dismasted vessel in a storm at sea. I knew the cars might jump the track at any momant—and there was a right good chance for their doing so—and ditch the locomotive, sending the fireman and myself to quick death; but we must take the chances so long as there was a nossibility of stooping the runaways.

Again and again we tried to make the coupling, but failed each time. I did not know until all was over the difficulties the fireman was experiencing. The drawhead in the car was the old-fashioned single link bumper—a man killer, we call it now—and was so loose in its scoket that it had to be raised six or eight inches and held in position while the link was being put in place. This required two hands, and as the fireman could not maintain his nosition on the swaying footboard without using one hand to cling to the handrail, he could not get the link in place and drop the pin through it.

"By this time we were within three miles of line links and as the locomotive and facilities to the fireman could not maintain his location on the swaying footboard without using one hand to eling to the handrail, he could not get the link in place and drop the pin through it.

"By this time we were within three mile

hands, and as the fireman could not maintain his position on the and to cling to the handrail, he could not get the link in place and drop the pin through it.

"By this time we were within three miles of Buckley. As the locomotive and fleeting cars dashed across a trestle 100 feet high I caught a glimpse of the little telegraph shanty down in the valley surrounded by a network of rails. I opened the whistle and kept it shrisking until we were within 200 yards of Buckley, but no one appeared on the static polatform; and as we flashed past the telegraph office the white face of the operator, his eyes wide open with alarm and horror, anpeared at the window for the fraction of an instant.

"As we dashed past the telegraph office the long arm of the signal board pointed down, and I thanked God that the next block was still open and that we had another chance for life. We had eight miles of clear track and might yet prevent a disaster. The only hope, however, was in catching the runaway cars, as there was no telegraph office at Campton and No. 11 had left Mountain Springs and was booming toward us as fast as three big engines could send her and without a stop ahead.

"We crossed the haif mile of side tracks at Buckley so fast that there was an unbroken rattle of clanking rails, and swung around the point of the mountain and down the winding track toward Campton. Over swaying bridges, through cuts—the old 105 joiled us along at the rate of seventy or eighty miles an hour. In two minutes after crossing the yards at Buckley we were within sight of Campton, nesting below us in the valley. Hurd had been silant seemingly for hours—and whether he was still at his post or had fallen on the rails and been ground to pieces I did not know. I realized now that there was no longer a possibility of stopping the cars by coupling to them, and what my hope was, if I had any at all, I do not know; there was no longer a possibility of stopping the card white switch targets and the dark spots on the mountainside that marked the abandone

for runaway cars.
"As the old 105 came to a stop I staggered "As the old 105 came to a stop I staggered to the ground and met Hurd as he steeped off the footboard. Said he, Bill, I'— What he intended to say I never learned, as his words were drowned by an explosion that lifted the 105 off the rails, knocked off her headlight and smokestack and blew the cab into splinters. Every building in the town was blown down, and it was only due to the fact that the place was practically described that there weren't any number of people killed.

"Those cars we had chased for thirty miles or more were loaded with dynamite, and when

Those cars we had chased for thirty miles or more were loaded with dynamite, and when they crashed into the deadwood at the end of the safety spur the whole thing exploded. And as we stood there in the wreckage No. 11, with her seven ceaches crowded with exercisionists, went bowling by. If the dynamite cars had met the express train, you ask? That's the story, and now I have finished my running. I am going up to my ranch near creeley that the company gave me for chasing those cars down the hill that day. The girl that threw the switch? She'll be there, too. She has been a half owner in that ranch since two months after she saved the train."

EXERCISE FOR BLUEJACKETS.

Daily Drill Made Necessary by Conditions on Modern Men-of-War.

sunlight fading out of the clear, cold sk and flashing, crimson and gold, in the win dows of the tall buildings across the river engaged the attention of Lieutenant-Commander Rodgers, executive officer of the big white battleship Indiana one afternoon last week. He was commenting on the beauty of the picture when the officer of the deck, whose red nose and ears testified to the sharpness of the breeze, approached him.

"Shail we have the setting up exercises ashore or on board, sir ?" he asked.

Mr. Rodgers looked over the stretch of black soil which extended from the water's edge to the Lyceum building in the navy yard. The ground was frozen hard and the sharp eye of

the executive officer could detect no mud holes. "Have it ashore," he said. The deck officer saluted and went away. Eight bells sounded, and the ship's bugiers began to blow the call for evening quarters. One by one the officers straggled up the companionways, buckling on their swords and pulling on their gloves. Mr.

their swords and pulling on their gloves. Mr. Rodgers stood in the lee of the after turret and received reports from the different divisions.

"Engineer's division all accounted for, sir." one messenger would say, and then sourry away to his quarters. The marine guard formed on the deck abaft the superstructure. Lieut. Hatch, their long-limbed, dark-faced, young commander, inspected them and then in quick tones ordered them to march. Stiff as a ramrod he trambed at their head down the broad gangplank to the dock. It was the beginning of an exodus. From forward and aft bluelackets streamed over the ship's side until nearly five hundred men, the entire ship's company, were marching and countermarching in the space hetween the ship and the navy yard building. They were aligned in divisions. First they were put through the estiting up exercises.

"Arms right!" and right arms shot out horizontally. "Arms down!" The extended arms dropped.

"Arms right!" and right arms shot out horizontally. Arms down!" The extended arms dropped.

The perfect drill of a man-o'-war showed in the regularity and precision of the movements. Lieutenant-Commander Rodgers stood in front of the first division and gave the orders, which were passed along from division officer to division officer, so that in the performance of the motions each division was a few seconds behind that immediately in front of it. The result was a wavy effect, which was particularly marked in the bending movements, when it seemed as if a strong breeze blowing bent the heads of each succeeding line as it passed.

"Attention!" shouled Mr. Rodgers, and the men stood motioniess, lines of blue making a gridiron of the field. Suddenly the blare of the bugles rang, a drum was beaten, and then the

"Attention!" shouted Mr. Rodgers, and the men stood motionless, lines of blue making a griditron of the field. Suddenly the blare of the bugles rang, a drum was beaten, and then the notes of "Fop Goes the Wease!" rolled briskly out. Every division started to run. It was the double time. The men ran in columns of two, and the field seemed covered with the long lines of bluepackets, wheeling this way and that squirming in and out, every man in step with the others and in time with the music, and the red lex-stripes of the marines flashing amid the sober and stripeless wilderness of sallors' legs. For fifteen minutes the exercise was continued, and then the men returned to the ship.

As they did so a bluepacket walked to the flastaff and began handling the halliards. The buglers began to play colors." Every man faced the flag, which blew out straight and atiff in the strong wind, and stood at attention. The bluepacket pulled at the halliards and the stars and Stripes came fluttering down. As they touched the deck officer and men lifted their hands in salute. The day was officially at an end on the battleship indiana.

"This exercise is gone through at evening and morning quarters on all the ships in the navy," said one of the officers when all the men had gone below. "In the old ships the men got exercise enough in working the vessel. There was rigging to be looked after and many other duties had to be attended to which have no place in the life of the modern man-o'-war's man. A battleship nowadays is a hive into which here are crowded. We must have the into which here are crowded. We must have the formed on the ship, but when they are inthem or the double time to limber them up. Usually these exercises are performed on the ship, but when the ground is dry we send the men out there on the dock where there is plenty of room. They get ab better chance for the double time, and ealoy is much more than they do on shipbeard."

our literary fellow townsman, Jacob Rays, to purchase for the entertainment of his children a donkey which in its hours of leisure shall be confined in the Rays's barn be and hereby is discouraged for the good of Lancaster

Lapeaster Knoll has its proper place on every good-sized map of Long Island under a different name, which sounds no better, and for the sake of accuracy it may be said also that the books and short stories written by the only literary citizen of the Knoll do not bear the name Jacob Rays, but in other respects no qualifications of the debating society's notiees need be made. Mr. Rays is theoretically a farmer, and in his mind he is of the earth earthy in an agricultural sense, but circumstances over which he had little control cast him for a literary part. It has been necessary for him to spend every week day for many years in New York, and as a recompense for this hardship he bought a lot and built a house at Lancaster Knoll several years before the trolley reached town.

"Now, by gracious," he said to his friends. 'I'll be something of a farmer anyway, for I love to see things grow, and if it were not for that important question of ways and means I would move to some vast wilderness and never go near acity. The more I see of men the better opinion I have of vegetables, beets and notatoes and things like that "

"Ever tried to raise them?" asked one of his friends. "Not exactly," replied Mr. Rays, "but I have thought it out very carefully, and I have seen them grow in my mind, sir, and, by gra-

slous, it was exhilarating." By way of explanation of the donkey it may be said that each season, since Mr. Rays became a Knollite, taught him its own sad agricultural lesson. Potatoes came first because Mr. Rays said that anybody could grow them and that the potato blossom, in its season added more local color to a country house than many roses. During the planting season Mr. Rays's literary output; fell off in quality and

quantity "Just you wait until my potato vines stick their little green noses above ground and I will have inspiration for lots of work," he said. The oldest farmer in Lancaster Knoll asserted on the authority of his almanae that this was the dampest season in forty years and Mr. Rays's potatoes rotted in the ground. They perished miserably the next year because of a big worm that worked under cover and undermined them until the vines wilted. It wasn't an ordinary potato bug, but it was worm which dug down into the ground, and while Mr. Rays's neighbors sympathized with him they rejoiced that this worm did not get into their potato patches. At the end of the second season Mr. Rays said:

"My soil is not right for potatoes and next year I am going to try corn. Is there any-thing in nature more beautiful in its shades of green than young corn? If there is, I don't

know it." Mr. Rays's corn shot up in the air in due season and the prospect for allarge crop was so good that Mr. Rays bought a lot of cans in which to stow away the surplus corn for the winter. The total output of that corn crop, nowever, was one small ear, and Mr. Rays asserted that the other ears had been caten by corn worm. He tried sweet peas and beet the next summer with no better results, and so it has gone from summer to summer Houses have been erected near Mr. Bays and his property has increased in value, but these

things have not brought complete happiness. "It is the most curious thing, by gracious," he remarked last fall, "that there is a worm or a bug for every vegetable that I can raise in my garden, and what I want to know is, where he remarked last fall, "that there is a worm or a bug for every vegetable that I can raise in my garden, and what I want to know is, where do they keep themselves when I haven't planted their favorite crop. You can't fool them. I've tried it and I know. Three years ago I planted petatees again, thinking that the worms which destroyed my first crop must have grown tired waiting for another and taken themselves to some other garden. As soon as the potatees began to sprout along came the worms again. Just so with the corn and the peas. As soon as frey are planted along comes the ispecial worm or bug which kills them. Now what do these worms do on off years? When I look at that little patch of garden and realize how many destructive forces it contains, it makes me marvel. I like to see things grow, and if I can't grow vegetables, I grow animals. I think I will get a young horse for my children, and it will be interesting to see it grow up."

The word was passed around the Knoll that Jacob Ravs wanted a young horse for his children, and a dealer called on him.

"How young a horse do you want, Mr. Bays?" he asked.

"Let me have a little fellow about as large, say, as a Newfoundiand dog. My children can drive him in a cart and as he grows bigger and bigger we can get bigger and bigger carts. That will be glorious."

"But, Mr. Rays," exclaimed the astonished dealer, don't you know that you can't drive a young oolt and that a horse has to be properly broken when he is big enough?"

"No, by gracious; is that so? Well, that is too bad."

"Why don't you get a grown-up herse? It won't cost you any more to keep."

"I am a little afraid of grown-up horses unless I should raise one myself. I know that a horse has to be properly broken when he is big enough?"

"The ordinary of the printing suggestion that he buy a donkey. Mr. Rays stopped three commuters in succession as they were hurrying for their trains the next murning to ask each:

"What do you know about donkeys?"

Humot and profanity were so mixel in their

gestion that he buy a donkey. Mr. Rays stopped three commuters in succession as they were hurrying for their trains the next morning to ask each:

"What do von know about donkeys?"

Humor and profanity were so mixed in their replies that the total information collected did not amount to much. Mr. Rays was persistent, however, and at the end of a week every sewing circle in town held an extra meeting nominally to make woollen underclothes for the Cubans and really to discuss the report that Mr. Rays intended to buy a donkey.

"My husband tells me," sai! the President of the Every Other Week Club "that all donkeys bray at night but that when they do the noise is terrible. Just think of being aroused each night by a donkey's bray. We must profest," When I was South, said the secretary, "I heard donkeys bray, and I can assure you that a sea llon's roar is musle compared with it. Now is the time for us to act and act quickly if we would save Lancaster Knoll. Mr. Rays is reasonable. Let us argue with him."

The delegation which called on Mr. Rays two weeks ago was composed of the President of the village, one member from each of the sewing circles and clubs and the Secretary of the Debating Society. They found the literary man deep in a recent report of the Secretary of Agriculture.

"Come right in," said Mr. Rays hospitably, "Our errand, Mr. Hays." and the village President, "is unpleasant. We have heard that you propose to buy a donkey."

"By gracious I wonder how you knew," said Mr. Rays, dropping his glasses in surprise.

"It is true, then?"

"Yes, to be sure it is. Have you come to tell me where I may buy one?"

"We have come to protest," said the President, "on behalf of all your neighbors. A donkey's bray is a terrible noise, and it woold be a great detriment to Lancaster Knoll to have one within the village limits."

"In a special profession of the President asked."

"It is true, then?"

"You mean the real donkey bray, sir?"

"You mean the real donkey."

"The visiting delegation, individually and collectively

TO CURE A DONKEY'S BRAY.

RATE'S SCHEME TO RESTORE PEACE
IN LANCASTER RNOLL.

Be Discovers a Way to Circumvent Protesting Neighbors, and Thus Keep a Donkey for His Children-Literary Work stevenis It — His Agricultural Study. Ten days before the regular monthly meeting in January of the Lancaster Knoll Temperance and Debating Society' each member will receive a notice somewhat as follows:

"Whereas, Our beautiful village has thrived until corner lots are now worth \$75 a front foot, despite the fact that Long Island City is the gateway for our commuters; and

"Whereas, Our growth has not been due to ephemeral booming, but to the honest belief on the part of homeseekers that Lancaster Knoll's environments are the best on Long Island; and recognizing, as we do, the value of our village's good name; therefore

"Resolved, That the announced intention of our ilterary fellow townsman, Jacob Rays, to purchase for the agreement of his oblitation of the current of the intention to find the fair fame of Lancaster, Knoll and provided no course for a donkey's bray he would not buy one. The delegation departed, satisfied that they had accomplished their purpose, and Mr. Rays returned to his agricultural report. They had accomplished their purpose, and Mr. Rays were aroused by a lour, whoop from they had accomplished their purpose, and should not buy be defected in the first fame of Lancaster Knoll and the following a report of a former Secretary of Agriculture.

The Rot it whoop-ee, I've got it! We will have our donkey after all, my dear. Hurrah foot, despite the fact that Long Island City is the gateway for our commuters; and

"Whereas, Our growth has not been due to ephemeral booming, but to the honest belief on the part of homeseekers that Lancaster Knoll's environments are the best on Long Island; and recognizing, as we do, the value of our illegates good name; therefore

"Resolved, That the announced intention of our illegates the provided no move the fact fame and provided no cure for a donker from the fact fame and pro

truly rural."

No argument could move Mr. Rays, and hence the intended action of the Lancaster Knoll Temperance and Debating Society. Mr. Rays has asked for the privilege of speaking against the resolution, and he is already gloating over the crushing blow which he is going to deliver to the Lancaster Knoll anti-donkey party.

Thave an unanswerable argument in favor of the donkey," said Mr. Rays, "and its only weak point is the fact that my authority is a report of a Secretary of Agriculture. It sounds fair and I want to tell it to you because you don't live in Lancaster Knoil. By making a lew guarded inquiries you may be able to get the additional information on the subject. The only objection to a donkey is its bray. In other respects it is above reproach. Now, have found a preventive for braying which is youched for by a Cabinet Minister and it will knock the opposition dead. In this agricultural report I find the statement that when a donkey brays he invariably raises his tail. Do you catch my idea? No? Why, it is simple. "If I can only prevent my proposed donkey from raising his tail he will be unable to bray, won't he? Now, my plan is this: Every night when I put my donkey in his stall I am going to hitch a weight on his tail. There you are! When his tail is weighted he can't bray. Let them get around that if they can. Donkeys only bray at night. My donkey won't bray at all, unless I forget to put on the weight. Isn't that a discovery. Just wait until the Pehating Society's January meeting and I will teach a trick worth knowing."

"To be sure," said Mr. Rays. I have an unanswerable argument in favor

"To be sure," said Mr. Rays.
"And won't there be danger in attaching the weight?"
"By gracious, I never thought of that. I'll go home and see what the Secretary has to say about a donkey's kleks," and Mr. Rays went cross lots in his engerness to prepare himself to uphold the donkey before the Lancaster Knoll Temperance and Debating Solcety. In the meantime there is a soft berth for any donkey out of a job in Mr. Rays's new barn.

TAMMANY GOT THE SWEATER.

He Didn't Win the First Prize, but He Knev How to Get It.

Tammany is not his name, but that's what every one calls him from one end of Park row to the other. This isn't to explain how he got the name-that he hardly knows himself-but to tell how he got the heavy blue sweater which he has been wearing during the cold weather. and which has made him envied by his less warmly clad companions. Tammany has worn the sweater before, but only on those special occasions when he goes to prize fights, bicycle races and football games. He goes to all of them, and whether the price of admission is \$1 or\$10 does not worry him. He gets past the doorkeeper on one plea or another, usually as copy boy for the sporting edition, sometimes as a personal friend of the "main guy of the show, and, as a last resort, as programme boy or chewing-gum salesman, though these things are distasteful to him. Tammany usually has a small bet on the result, and the fact that he seldom picks a winner does not disturb him much. He can usually make up his losses in one or two sessions of the crap club which meets at the base of Horace Greeley's statue before the first editions are printed.

Tammany's sweater cuts some figure with the gang, because it really is a good one, not at all ike the 30-cent, hand-me-down, cotton kind that some of the kids bought on the Bowery, and which pulled to pieces after one or two scrim-Tammany got his sweater on the Bow ery, but like most of the things Tammany gets it came easy.

"This sweater," he condescended to explain the other day, "came from the Kids' Aid Society, and it was an easy graft. I don't very often patronize the joint, because I can make my own living, and more too, and have all the my own living, and more too, and have all the sport I want besides. But just before Christmas I hears that they're going to have a spellin' match up there with prizes for the guys that do the best think work. That's meat for me, I says at once. So I joined and stood up in line with the rest of 'em. A good many of the gang was in, but most of 'em might just as well a stayed in the crap game. They had some sort of a chance there. They started us on sort of a chance there. They started us on easy words, but the kids began to drop out. The dagos went first. Some of them couldn't a spelled cat. Then they ran us up to longer words like shoplifting and incendiary and such, and the gang began to feel the gaff. I knowed 'em all right, fur I'd seen 'em in big type in the pape often enough, and I wasn't the only one. I kept my think tank working at full speed, but there was another kid that trotted me nose to nose, and he was a nigger kid at that. Pretty soon we were the only two alive. Then the guy that was running the show springs a word that takes my breath away. I can't just remember now what it was. Some disease."

show springs a word that takes my breath away. I can't just remember now what it was. Some disease."

"Diphtheria." suggested some one.

"Naw, that's too easy. It's something that ends like brownchitis, only it isn't that."

"Peritonitis?"

"Yes, that's it. People usually die with it, don't they? Well, I could a died when he springs it on me. I had my nerve at that, though I knew I was up agin'it, and I made a bluff, but it didn't go. Then it was up to the coon. The gang was dead sore on me for falling down, but when the nigger kid went up in the air too they give me the glad hand. He tried two cracks at the word and couldn't hit it. I had another chance then, but I knew my limit on peri—whatever it is—and so I says give us a new one. I thought I knew my business. The guy was agreeable and led with another. What was it? Don't ask me, It makes my jawa sche to think of it. I had to pass and the other kid did the trick. He spelled that word without an effort. Then they brought out the prizes. The first prize was this here sweater and the second prize was 50 cents. And that's the last spellin' match I ever went to."

sents. And that's the man survey went to."
"But what has that to do with your sweater?"
"Well this is the sweater."
"Well this is the sweater." "Well this is the sweater."
"How did you get it?"
"How? Why I gave the coon the 50 cents and he gave me the aweater. Was it worth more than that? Of course. Was he satisfied? No. But the gang over there, wasn't it? He had to take the 50 cents or take a licking when we got him outside and he took the 50 cents.'

DIRECT STEAMERS TO RUSSIA.

The First Line to Be Established Between That Country and New York. The little steamer Georgies I. arrived in New York on Dec. 15. It was not generally known that she was the ploneer vessel in the new direct line between the port of Riga and New

York. A part of her cargo was for Boston, and she put in there on her way to this city. The vessel is owned by the United Steamship Company of Copenhagen, and the purpose is to run steamers direct between the Russian Baltic ports and America. The enterprise is still experimental. The company believes that it will find ample freight in the United States, but is yet in doubt whether it san obtain full cargoes in Russia. It thinks.

United States, but is yet in doubt whether it can obtain full eargoes in Russia. It thinks, however, it will be able to maintain this direct freight line, as, if it does not secure ample freight line, as, if it does not secure ample freight in Russia, it expects to complete the cargoes in Sweden and Denmark.

American trade with Russia has increased largely during the past few years and a direct line of steamships to New York would be a great boon to American manufacturers and shippers in sending goods direct. At present all merchandise has to be shipped first to England or continental ports and then transshipped to Russia. This causes great loss of time and the expense connected with the transfer of goods is considerable. It has taken from eight to ton weeks for goods to reach Russia from the United States. The deorgies I, was just three weeks on the way from Riga to New York, stopping en route at Beston to discharge a part of her cargo.

The agent of the Copenhagen line has informed Mr. Pierce, our Charge d'Affaires at St. Petersburg, that the managers of the new line hope to replace the vessels now in use by six new ships, of which they will build three. They desire to find American capital for the others.

A Russian committee was appointed in 1865 to inquire into the reasons for Russia's very small percentage in the expert trade. Among the causes which the committee assigned for the unsatisfactory state of the export business was the absence of regular steamship communications with foreign markets and the consequent high freights on Russian cattle, meat and other articles which the country sells to foreign sations.

MYSTERY OF THE RATTLE.

SNAKE PROBLEM THAT SCIENCE IN UNABLE TO EXPLAIN. Theories Advanced to Account for the Rat-

tlesnake's Rattle-Viewed as a Lure, a Defence, a Call, a Voice and a Combination of All These-Imitations by Soukes. "Investigation of the rattlesnake by American scientists in recent years has resulted in much curious, and, in instances, valuable in-formation," said Dr. Thomas Stockton Baker of Johns Hopkins University, "but there is one important question still to be answered, and that is, What is the purpose of the snake rattle? The riddle has long perplexed herpetol ogists, and probably will remain unsolved until the end of time, if they continue to search for one solitary purpose which may be consid ared of such significance in the reptile's econ omy as to have effected the development such a specialized part.

"In attempting to explain the utility to the snake of the rattle, many philosophizing herpetologists have signally failed, for the simple reason that it seems evident the rattle, instead of being useful or advantageous to the snake, In most instances is a dangerous disadvaptage which has caused the extinction of the rattler in well-inhabited sections of our country. However, it must be borne in mind that the rattle was evolved long before man appeared in the rattler's field, and the question of its great disadvantage in the conflict between man and snake could have no influence upor its evolution, according to the opinion held by many who have puzzled over the problem. O course, theories are many, and one scientist who eventually abandoned the riddle as imcossible of solution comforted himself with the moral reflection that it was a providential arrangement to prevent injury to innocent animals and man. But the history of evolution is replete with cases of animals which, having sequired a special advantageous character. found the same turned against them on the appearance of new enemies because it could not be altered to meet new conditions. "This mystery of the rattle has had some

queer effects on herpetological literature. I remember that Prof. N. S. Shaler many years ago announced that the tall appendage of the rattlesnake was not to be explained on the doctrine of natural selection, inasmuch as it could contribute in no way to the advantage of the animal. But some time after this positive decision he was wandering in a field. where he mistook the rattling of a snake for the sound made by the locust, and at once the idea was suggested to him that the purpose of the noise was to decoy insect-eating birds into the serpent's range by an imitation of the locust's buzzing. Thereupon he promptly wrote a treatise on the rattlesnake and natural seection, in which he incorporated the theory of the rattle's serving as a food procuger. Other herpetologists who had inclined to Shaler's previous views made investigations on the lines of his new suggestion and discovered a remarkable similarity of the rattling sound to that produced by several species of grasshoppers. They, too, were rather favorably impressed by the theory of the rattle being a lecoy, but a few whose investigations also embraced the birds learned that they did not rely to any extent on their ears in searching for deectable grasshoppers. Besides, it was soon discovered that birds are not especially es-

eemed by rattlesnakes as a dietary article. "Another theory which has many supporters to-day is that the real function of the ratle is to assemble the sexes, and many observations have been put forward in support of it. Some observers hold that the rattle is used to frighten the victim or aggressor and paralyze his combative energies. But the theory most commonly accepted, perhaps, is that the soundng of the rattle, instead of imperilling the snake, is virtually a means of self-protection, and is of the same practical, defensive use as the roar of the menaced lion. The ability of the rattler to defend itself does not consist in its size, superior strength, or the power to prolong conflict, as most offits enemies are far larger and stronger. Neither does its poison act quickly enough to assure its safety when attacked, but the certainty of the poison's effeet is advantageous in preventing attack, and is a warning which, enforced by the flerce rattle of the tall, is liable in a majority of instances to be effective, according to the calcu-

lations of the snake.
"Dr. Steineger of the Smithsonian Institution, who has devoted much study to the poisonous snakes of this country, says that of the many explanations of the rattle's functions which have been advanced by American herpetologists, it seems possible to accept them acquired, it appears to him even probable that the snake uses the sound for the several purposes indicated, although it is difficult to specify which one has chiefly influenced the evolution of the part. His idea is that the rattling is a substitute for a voice, and he holds that it is logical to conclude that it may be put to all the uses to which an animal may apply

"The rattlesnake however is not the only serpent which sounds an alarm, warning or call on its caudal appendage. Most snakes when excited, trightened or angered produce burring or rustling sound by vibrating the end of the tall among dry leaves or against other objects, even their own bodies, which frequently resembles the rattlesnake's noise and many a harmless snake has on this necount been mistaken for a rattler and hastily despatched. This fact has often been used as an argument in support of the preventive the ory, for if the rattling is of advantage to the attlesnake in preventing attack by its enemies, the theorists contend, the imitation of the noise must also be of advantage to those sarpents which can mimic. That the copperheads and moccasins resort to rattling without rattles, as it were, does not operate against this theory of imitation, as it is held by supporters that if it is advantageous to the rattlesnake to have a means of preventing waste of polson or unnecessary exposure to injury of fangs, the imitation would be of equal benefit to all members of the pit viper family.

But this vibration of the tail, so more conservative herpetologists argue, instead of being an intended imitation of the rattler's noise, was a universal characteristic of the majority of snakes long before the evolution of the rat tler from the common angestral stock of pit tler from the common aniestral steek of fit vipers. This is the opinion of Dr. Steineger. Perhaps, after all, this common caudal threshing may be ascribed, like Herbert Spenier's suggestion as to the warging of the dog's tall, to an escape of nervous force restrained from other modes of expression at the moment. As it is, theorize as much as one will, we are as much in the dark as to the benefits of the rattle as when the subject first received attention.

RIG GAME IN CANADA.

Reappearance of the Wapiti-Many Large Moose and Deer Killed.

QUEBEC, Jan. 14 - The Cerf Canadien, com monly known in English as the wapiti or Canadian elk, whose scientific name is Elaphus Can-adensis, and which was supposed to have bereappearance in the province of Quebec, and enormous specimen was recently killed on the banks of the Causapscal salmon stream in the county of Bonaventure. The natives who killed it used up the careass, never thinking of the value that the taxidermist's art could give to it, but the head fortunately escaped and has been acquired by the fish and game department of the province, for which it is now being mounted. It will be one of the prominent trophies in the fish and game exhibit to be made by the province of Quebea at the Sportsmen's Exposition in New York next March, and is described as a monster. Up to about 1825 these noble animals roamed

the Saguenay and Lake St. John country in large herds. They were then killed off, whenever and wherever found, for the sake of their hides, by the Montagnais Indians, and for some time they have been supposed to be about as extinct as the American bison. Sir James Le Moine wrote in 1872 that the wapitf had quitdisappeared from Canada, except in some few rare localities in the West. Sir John Richardson, the famous naturalist, had written some cears previously, placing its eastern limit at a line drawn from the southern extremity of Lake Winnipeg to the Saskatchewan-103d degree east longitude. Despite the testimony of several Indians, who said they occasionally saw specimens of the clks in parts of this province nearly thirty years ago. Sir James Le Moine persisted in the belief that they must have been gigantic moose and declared in

of this province nearly thirty years ago, Sir James Le Moine persisted in the belief that they must have been gigantic moose and declared in his "Album du Touriste" that all that remained of the noble game were its bones and its horns, found sometimes in the forest and sometimes underground. For at least twenty years there has been no authentic record of the existence of the elk in eastern Canada, but the resent reappearance of the animals seems to indicate that a few specimens must have continued their habitat here, undiscovered.

An aduit elk is five feet high at the shoulders, at least a foot higher than the common European siag, and its horns often weigh ten times as much as those of the red or Virginia deer. Under the system of fish and game protection enforced by the Hon. S. N. Parent, Minister of Lands, Forests and Eisheries of the Province of Quebec, an early increase of elk may be looked for, and in the meantime the killing of them may be entirely prohibited for a time.

The Provincial Parliament met on Thursday last, and among the most important work of the session will be Mr. Parent's bills to amend and consolidate the fish and game laws. A change is to be made in the close season for large game. At present caribou may be hunted from Sept. I to Feb. I, and deer and moose from Oct. I to Jan. I. The Government believes that it is almost too much to ask, even of the best sportsmen, to desist from shooting a moose in September or January, if out with a rifle hunting for caribou. It is therefore proposed to make the seasons for large game in Quebec within the few last years has been enormous. Moose were so scarce here some years ago that a close season of acveral years was ordered for them, an example now being followed by Ontario. The result here own fine of the Lake St. John Railway, a party of Indians had slaughtered more than thirty moose at one time for the sake of their skins. West of Ottawa, along the line of the Canadian Paeife Railway, and in the Mitaway, Temiscon in the description of the moose

their old bands of twenty years ago. In the neighborhood of Caughnawaga Lake one party of sportsmen, who were only ten days in the woods, killed four moose recently, of whom three were splended bulls, in addition to good numbers of deer. The Kippewa is described by enthusiastic hunters just returned from it as a country of moose, carbon and bears. Records recently reported, according to law, by parties who obtained hunting permits from the Quebec Government, show that one party of two was out in the Dumoine and Maganacipi country for five days and killed four moose and thirteen deer; another killed seventeen deer; another individual, in seven days, killed five deer; a fourth, in ten days, on Thirty-One-Mile Lake, killed nine deer, while two others, each of whom was five days out, killed, one cleven and the other tweive deer. In five days two men killed two moose near Lake Temiscamingue, and six others, in the course of a fow days' hunting in the townships of Mulgrave and Lathbury, in the Au Lievre district, killed seventeen deer, of which thirteen were bucks.

came to Washington in 1894, under the deposed Queen's instructions, to plead with the Cleveland Administration, On arriving in Washington the Commissioners sent the following note to Secretary of State Gresham: "We, the undersigned, Messrs, Cummins Parker and Widemann, Commissioners sen by her Majesty Queen Liliuokalani, request

by her Malesty Queen Liliuokalani, request an audience of the President of the United States. We desire to ask of his Excellency whether there is any hope for his doing any-thing for the restoration of the constitutional Government of the Hawalian Islands."

The reply came in the following letter from President Clevoland, handed to the Commis-sioners Aug. 15, 1894, by Secretary Gresham: "GENTLEMES: You must permit me to re-nind you that this interview is not an officin ne, and that, in-tend of receiving you in any orcesoutative capacity. I meet you as individ-mis who have travelled a long distance for the purpose of laying a certain matter before "You ask me if there is any hope of my 'do-

You ask me if there is any hone of my doing anything for the restoration of the constitutional Government of the Hawalian Islands. I suppose that this question is largely prompted by the fact that soon after the overturning of the late Government of the Queen I investigated that transaction and was satisfied that there had been such an unjustifiable interference in aid of that movement on the part of the representatives of the Government of the United States in its diplomatic and raval service, as to call for correction, not only to rective what severed to be a wring done to others by also, through that rectification, to ward off what aspeared to be a danger to American honor and property.

Lot of nover there, 'remarked a gentleman from the modes of expression at the moment. As it is, theorize as much as one will, we are as as when the subject first reserved attention, as well as the subject first reserved attention, and the subject first reserved attention, as well as the subject first reserved attention, and th

POP DRAPER'S WOODEN: LEG-

SOLVED THE MYSTERY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE IN THE MAINE WOODS.

Draper and His Roys Had Gone Into the Wilderness to Snare Rabbits-The Faths er's Struggle with What Had Been Considered a Supernatural Object, MILTORD, Me., Jan. 11.-So long as a dead hare will bring five cents in the Bangor market and a spool of copper wire capable of making six snares can be purchased for 12 cents, no backwoods family has reason to go hungry. This season rabbits have been so plentiful and easy to get that several men have quit work in the puip mills and gone to the woods to cate money in an easy way. It is a poor hunter who cannot snare and shoot fifteen rabbits a day. while twenty-five and even forty are not an unusual number. The little animals are hung aloft out of the reach of foxes and allowed to freeze, and when a sledload is snared the rabbits are taken to market and exchanged for cash.

The Draper family, consisting of Albert Draper, a veteran of the civil war, and his three grown-up sons, who have been occupying an abandoned and tumbledown farmhouse on the edge of Sunk Haze meadows, had a remarkable adventure last week, in which dead rabbits, live spooks and several other natural and supernatural manifestations figured conspienously. The house had four square rooms on the first floor. In the centre was a gigantic stone chimney, topped out with brick and provided with four fireplaces, capable of taking a stick of cordwood without cutting. One of these rooms was heated and used as a living and sleeping apartment for the Drapers, while the rest of the building was converted into a refrigerator for freezing dead rabbits. As their father was old and wors a steel-pointed wooden leg as a memento of Gettysburg, the ooys left him about the place to do the housework while they went forth to slav rabbits

At the end of the first day's work the boys brought in sixty-two rabbits, which they hung up in the open rooms to freeze. During supper he old man told them about some strange noises he had heard in the chimney while they were away. He said the sounds were like those nade by a pecvish fat hog when he is aroused rom sleep or like the monnings of a man who s suffering from a minee-ple nightmare.

"Chimney swallows," said Bort, the oldest, Harry, the second son, thought it was due to ats, and the frreverent William suggested that the noises were probably the result of too much Bangor "split" whiskey which the old man had taken to cheer his lonesome hours. It was finally decided that the strange manifestations were caused by draughts among the eracks of the great chimney. An hour after the fireplace had been piled high with backmatack logs and all had gone to bed, the olds man poked Bert in the ribs with the brad of his wooden leg and said:

"Hark! D'ye hear that? D'ye call that nig chimbly swallers?" They were all awake in a moment and went to quarrelling and arguing about the cause of the sounds which every one neard plainly. by the collar, dragged him to the room on the opposite side of the chimney and yelled: "Signim" but as soon as his grip was released Jeff botted through a window, taking glass and sash along, and remained outside all night, howling with cold and terror. Meantime the noises in the chimney had subsided, and all, went to sleep.

went to sleep.

The next morning six of the rabbits were gone from the pole upon which they had been left to freeze, and Jeff got a sound beating for stealing them, which warmed him up and node him feel real comfortable. During the next day and night no sounds of a distressing nature were heard in the chimney, but on the

him feet real comfortable. During the next day and night no sounds of a distressing mature were heard in the chimney, but on the second morning, when nine rabbits were missed from the cold-storage room. Jeff received a whipping that he will remember for the rest of his life, and the smire stock of frozen meat was but upon sheives in a closet and locked up. After this the chimney emitted grunts and growls at odd intervals, though they generally ceased as soon as the family began to wrangle about what caused them.

For a week the boys shot and snared rabbits, and the old man kept house, while Jeff, having become lean and red-eyed from much running and beating, flitted through the house-like an animated shadow, carefully avoiding the room where the rabbits had been stored and preferring to stay out in the cold sconer than investigate the chimney. The old man grew more cheerful every day, and the boys began to blan how they should spend the rabbit money when they were paid off.

The tragedy came one Sunday afternoon, when the veteran was alone in the great house. He had filled the directions which yield and reared up the chimney, and heated the room until the white frost meked and ran down the window panes. The chimney had been unusually noisy all day, and after the pine wood had made the stones and lime glow with a red heat, the old man lancied he heard the steps of some creature moving about in the oppesite room. He limped across the front entry and, throwing the door upon, came face to face against a young lear that smarled and made a pass at him. The others, in the course of a few days' hunting in the townships of Mulgrave and Lathbury, in the Au Lievre district, killed seventeen deer, of which thirteen were bucks.

In the Temiseauata country a buck was recently killed weighing 340 pounds. Moose are sometimes found there weighing more than 1,200 pounds. It was here, in the Squatteeks, that Senator Proctor got his large moose heads. In the Metapedia Valley, a train on the intercolonial Kailway ran into a yard of moose day or two ago and killed a large bull which charged the locomotive.

Carlbou exist by thousands in the Metapedia Valley, as well as in what are called the Gardens of Charlevoix, Hunters, both Canadian and Americans, have killed hundreds of them this whiter. A Sunday or two ago the congregation of the Roman Cathelle Church at Causapscali, on leaving the building, saw two earbou quite close to them. Joseph Charest drawt to a neighbor of for a rile and shot both. Bed deer are increasing at such a rate that in many tarts of the province the farmers compain that they destroy their oats and other grain in the autumn season.

AN ATTACK ON QUEEN LIL,

Mr. Cleveland's Letter, in Which He Abandoned Her Cause, Is Reproduced.

Washington, Jan. 211.—The Washington Star to-day nublishes a two-column article attackling the honesiv and veracity of ex-Queen Lillington in the autumn season.

AN ATTACK ON QUEEN LIL,

Mr. Cleveland's Letter, in Which He Abandoned Her Cause, Is Reproduced.

Washington is Reproduced.

Washington of Hawaii, who is again in Washington as a claimant for compensation from the food of the chimed with furry fragments of dend rabbits, belonging to her as Queen. The article contains among other/documents a letter written by Grover Cleveland to Lilluokalani's agents, Messis, Cummins, Parker and Widemann, who came to Washington in 1894, under the deep the compensation from the food of the chimed with the white from the house, never its proposed Queen's instructions, to obtain the first place of an adjoining the house of a part of the food of

By Their Use It Is Often Easy to Overawa

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat "Nothing like fake statistics for giving a fel-ow a reputation for scholarship dirt cheap." chuckled an astute citizen. "Statistics are the most impressive things in the world, and the beauty about 'em is that nobody dares to contradict you. I've been working the scheme for several months, and my steek has ad-vanced about 1,000 points a day. How do I do Well, to illustrate the thing, I was stand ing in a crowd on Caual street yesterday watching the big pile driver hammering down the walls for the drainage canal.

'Lot of power there,' remarked a gentleman at my cibow as the weight came down, biff!
"'Immense,' I replied, 'and by the way, I